

## Daily Life 241

### Chapter 241: The Wang Family's Small Villa is Full of Big Shots!

At this moment, the man from Immortal Mansion's eastern branch completely understood that this was a meaningless battle — from the beginning, he hadn't had the slightest chance of winning!

"Are you from Immortal Mansion?" Just then, from the side, he heard a question asked in a rough voice, and two huge shadows loomed over him with a sense of heavy oppression. Two brawny men with muscles as large as Jinhua ham 1 and who were actually even bigger than he was appeared in front of him!

Where on earth had they come from?

No... wait!

There seemed to be a third person!

The man was startled as he lifted his gaze — only then did he notice that in addition to these two brawny men, there was actually a little girl with pink meatball-shaped hair buns and wearing a gray coat sitting on the shoulder of one of the men, her head tilted to look at him.

He already felt completely overwhelmed. It wasn't just this sword spirit, these three people who had come out who knew when were in fact all stronger than him!

If he had a second chance, he just wanted to call his leader and tell him: Chief! I don't want to play anymore!

This wasn't a matter of whether he played or not, but that he couldn't play at all!

"There's no other way..." The burly man from Immortal Mansion was desperate. The situation had grown further and further out of his expectations, and was completely out of his control.

The only thing he could do now was to think of the best way to escape!

Fortunately, he had made sufficient preparations before coming here, which included the "underground escape talisman." As long as this talisman was successfully activated, it would give him a chance to escape, even if these people's realms were higher than his.

His mind whirled with myriad thoughts in the space of a single instant.

He had to take advantage of the moment to escape before this frightening sword spirit and these three people on the side completely teamed up against him. His hands swiftly formed a seal and at the same time, he threw out the underground escape talisman which he had already prepared!

The instant the magic lit up, the ground beneath the man's feet suddenly turned into quicksand, and his whole body dropped down into it.

To ensure that he wouldn't be caught, he even cast the "art of godly movement" on himself! This was an advanced heavenly spirit technique and also an Immortal Mansion secret body spell for putting on speed.

With this "art of godly movement" enhancing the underground escape talisman, the man was now five times faster than the talisman's basic speed of escape. He felt that at his current speed, he should be able to (probably) put some distance between himself and those four people.

Jingke saw the man get sucked down swiftly into the quicksand as he disappeared in the magic light of the underground escape talisman.

Seeing that the talisman had worked, the man who had escaped underground in the magic light breathed a sigh of relief.

But he hadn't even made it halfway when the talisman was forced to stop working.

Up ahead in the tunnel, a little girl's face appeared.

The little girl stared at him, then stretched out her small hands to directly pull him out of the ground...

...

Less than ten seconds after the man had used the underground escape talisman to flee, Sheep jumped out a long distance away before coming back.

Jingke saw that she was holding a dog leash in her small hand, which was directly connected to a collar around the man's neck.

Both Pen and Eraser were startled; Father Wang had bought this collar and leash for Loopy Toad, but it had been unwilling to put them on, so it had hidden them in the attic. Who knew when they had ended up in Sheep's hands.

With the dog leash in her small hand, Sheep threw the man in front of the two brawny men and sat on him. "...Too weak! He ran so slowly! I even specially went upstairs to get the collar and leash just now, but I never thought that he wouldn't run very far."

"..."

The man wanted to cry... it turned out that there was a group of big shots in this villa whom he hadn't been able to sense.

Jingke crouched down and stretched out one hand to cover the man's forehead. Instantly the man was soaked in sweat as he felt like he was about to be executed.

There clearly wasn't the slightest trace of spiritual pressure about him, yet the oppression he was giving off was immense. His gaze alone felt like a death stare 2 .

Jingke had already felt out the other party's aura in the previous confrontation, but he hadn't been certain. Now, after careful consideration, he confirmed that this man was from Immortal Mansion.

His spirit energy was exactly the same as that of the red-haired youth who had wielded the sword Abyss Avoidance in the fight against the old devil at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's place back then.

After that, Jingke raised his hand. Several brown spheres of sword qi clustered around his fingers, and he slapped them onto the man's head.

He used the sword qi to seal the man's spirit acupuncture points. For a long while after this, the man wouldn't be able to use his spirit energy.

"What should we do with him, Lord Jingke?" Pen and Eraser, the two brawny men, looked at Jingke.

"Ling, dislikes, trouble."

Jingke looked at the man on the ground and said, "You, handle him, it's fine. I want, to rest."

They had caught the man and furthermore had sealed his spirit energy, so Jingke couldn't be bothered to deal with everything else. It would be fine to leave the rest to the others to handle.

As he yawned, the sword light glowed on his skin once again, and in the end, he transformed back into a sword which fell into the hands of one of the burly men nearby. "Put me, back, in bed."

Pen and Eraser: "..."

The man rubbed his eyes. When he saw Jingke change back into his original form, he thought he had seen wrong.

In the end, he was stupefied once again; he had never ever expected that the real body of such a powerful sword spirit would actually be a peach wood sword commonly found on the market...

"What should we do with him? Throw him into the toilet?" Pen asked with a sigh as he held Jingke in his hand and looked at the man on the ground.

"Not a good idea." Eraser shook his head. "This Immortal Mansion keeps coming to make trouble for us. Since we managed to catch one of them, we can interrogate him for information."

Pen: "But the Lord's not at home right now."

"It's fine, I have Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's number, I'm sure he'll definitely be interested." While saying this, Eraser took out a cellphone and made a call.

Soon, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's magnetic voice came over the line. "Hello, this is Grenade-Throwing. What can I do for you, Your Excellency?"

"Is that Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal? This is Ling Zhenren's enlightened goblin eraser. We just caught someone from Immortal Mansion trying to break into the Wang family's villa. Are you interested in popping by?" asked the burly man.

"Oh, so it's you. I know you." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "Now that you mentioned it, I just remembered, didn't Dharmaraja go over to your place today to deliver a sword? Didn't he fight?"

Eraser was quiet before he decided to tell the truth. "This person from Immortal Mansion is very strong; before Senior Dharmaraja could act, he was defeated by the backlash from the other party's aura."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Before he fought... he already lost?"

"Regretfully, Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, that's the truth."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a deep breath and said, "I'm going to kick him out of the group! How shameful!"

"..."

## Chapter 242: Those Enlightened Big Shots

If Dharmaraja hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he definitely wouldn't have expected that apart from these three seniors, there would still be so many big shots hidden in this villa! That little girl with

pink meatball-shaped hair buns and wearing a gray jacket was simply terrifying. When she moved, she was like a flash of light — even Ultraman Tiga wouldn't have been able to keep up!

And then there were those two brawny men next to her. One man wore a straw hat while the other wore a suit of armor. They were thick and solid all over. They stood like mighty mountains, emanating an overwhelming sense of oppression.

Dharmaraja pulled his neck back as his eyes fell on the old man next to him. "Old Senior Wang... may I ask, who are these three seniors?"

"Oh, you mean them." The old man scratched his head. "These things were transformed and enlightened by Ling Ling. The one with the straw hat was originally an eraser and the one in armor was originally a pen. As for that little girl, she was originally a freight tricycle. Lei Lei painted and waxed her the other day."

Dharmaraja was stupefied. "..."

So there was this kind of operation?

No wonder this little girl had been holding a tire in her hand the whole time...

While Dharmaraja was speaking with Grandfather Wang, Sheep had already dragged that man from Immortal Mansion to the villa's front door. After Jingke had sealed his spirit acupuncture points, he was even more ordinary than an ordinary person now; apart from the fact that he was a little bigger in size, there was nothing special about him at all. He might not even be able to beat a middle-aged woman at the Body Tempering stage like Mother Wang.

When the man was dragged through the door, he opened his mouth and struggled to speak, making inarticulate noises which confused Dharmaraja. "His spirit acupuncture points have been sealed, but why can't he even speak?"

"Oh, I also just sealed his tongue," Eraser answered. "The interrogation should be left to Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal since we're just amateurs."

Dharmaraja was surprised once again. "You called Senior Immortal over?"

"That's right, Little Master Ling had told us before that Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was investigating Immortal Mansion. He had expected that Immortal Mansion that bunch of impatient people would come here looking for trouble, so he had already let us know earlier on. Once we encountered someone from Immortal Mansion, we were to capture them on the spot and then help Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal with his investigation."

"I see..."

Dharmaraja nodded his head, and in his heart, his respect for Wang Ling grew even more. That was just like Ling Zhenren; he had even anticipated that this would happen! As expected, his foresight was godly!

"Oh, that's right, apart from that, did Senior Immortal say anything else?" After Dharmaraja calmed down, he was all smiles; he felt that Senior Immortal would praise him for coming here this time to deliver the sword personally!

Eraser fell silent again; initially, he had planned not to say anything, because he knew that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had just been joking earlier. However, now that it had come to this point, Eraser in the end still decided to clarify the issue with Dharmaraja.

After thinking for a while, Eraser opened his mouth and said bluntly, "Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said that you should leave the group. To be hit by backlash from an aura before even lifting a finger to fight is too embarrassing."

As a large, big-hearted fellow, he was just forthright like that.

Dharmaraja's cheeks streamed with tears. "... Did Senior Immortal hate him now?!

After Eraser spoke, Sheep, who had been sitting on the Immortal Mansion man like he was a horse, gave Dharmaraja a strange look.

It seemed like she had heard the sound of something shattering...

...

Later, there were hissing sounds of stir-frying from the kitchen — Grandfather Wang and Mother Wang were cooking. Knowing that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would be coming, the old man stewed the broccoli from the last time the man had visited to make a soup.

There were quite a few people sitting around in the living room of the Wang family's small villa. Pen and Eraser had initially planned to return to their original forms after completing their task, but it couldn't be considered completely done until Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took over. So before that happened, they remained in their human forms.

The old man had never treated these "goblins" enlightened by Wang Ling as outsiders, so he warmly invited them to have lunch together.

As a result, the atmosphere in the Wang family's living room was very lively at noon.

Eraser, Pen, Sheep and Dharmaraja were playing The Werewolves of Millers Hollow card game while Sheep sat on the bound Immortal Mansion man as if he was a living cushion.

"Apart from the three of you, there should be other seniors that were enlightened by Ling Zhenren in this villa, right?" Looking at the hand he was holding, Dharmaraja took advantage of their idle card-playing to softly ask his question.

"We don't dare call ourselves seniors, we're just Little Master Ling's transformed goblins. We can't cultivate, so our realms are totally up to our Lord. Lord Dharmaraja, you got to your level step by step by your own efforts, so you're the great senior."

Eraser laughed and said humbly, "Of course, we three certainly aren't the only ones in this villa that have been enlightened, but apart from us, very few of the others can take human form. The rest are just Lord Pen Immortal and Lord Ma."

"These two are...?" Lightning Dharmaraja asked.

"Their abilities are actually a little different. Lord Pen Immortal can draw circles to take people anywhere, but it has to be a known and existing place in the world. On the other hand, the spaces which Lord Ma connects to are all perilous and could even be alternate dimensions. Once you get sucked into one, you might never come back," Eraser explained.

Hearing that, Dharmaraja's world view was refreshed.



Ling Zhenren was actually so formidable to the extent that even the magical treasures he had randomly enlightened all had such powerful abilities.

"I have another question..."

Dharmaraja took a deep breath. He felt like he was about to broach some sensitive topic, but he couldn't hold back his inner desire for gossip. "Do you know Lord Jingke's origin?"

"Oh, you mean Lord Jingke? I thought Senior Dharmaraja was going to ask something strange..." Eraser laughed.

Jingke's origin wasn't actually a secret anymore. When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had come to the Wang family's small villa back then, Grandfather Wang had succinctly explained Jingke's origin in less than ten seconds.

"It was Little Master Ling's father who bought Lord Jingke from the flower and bird market," Eraser answered concisely.

Dharmaraja: "...Is that all?"

"Yes... that's all."

Eraser nodded as he said, "In addition, it was at a bargain price!"

"..."

Dharmaraja badly needed to calm down.

...

After a while, Mother Wang and Grandfather Wang had finished preparing lunch. Looking at the time, Dharmaraja expected that Senior Immortal would be arriving at the villa soon.

He looked up the stairs. "Should we call Lord Pen Immortal and Lord Ma down to eat?"

"Oh, that's not necessary." Eraser shook his head. "The problem with Lord Pen Immortal is that he's addicted to sleeping, so it's best not to disturb him."

Dharmaraja: "Then... how about Lord Ma?"

Hearing that, Pen, Eraser and Sheep had slightly horrified expressions on their faces. "Senior Dharmaraja, do you actually want to eat with a toilet 1 ?"

Dharmaraja: "..."

Chapter 243: The Multi-Purpose Holy Relic

"..."

Dharmaraja really wanted to smash his head against a wall. What Lord Ma!

He already couldn't follow these great seniors' line of thought.

Was talent no longer enough, did cultivation also require imagination now?!

Dharmaraja was lost in deep thought over this.

The fact was that Wang Ling had transformed quite a number of things in passing in the Wang family's small villa. Apart from Lord Ma, there was also Lord Bao. However, this Lord Bao couldn't take on a human form, so Eraser had unconsciously ignored him.

Lord Bao's original form was a LV handbag 1 .

Father Wang had given Mother Wang this bag for their twentieth wedding anniversary. So that it could hold more things when Mother Wang went shopping, Wang Ling had "blessed" this bag the day Father Wang had given it to her.

Lord Bao possessed remarkable mystical abilities. Besides helping Mother Wang to hold a lot of things, if something unexpected happened while she was out, she could directly hide in Lord Bao's storage space. In short, Lord Bao's space was far more practical than the robot cat's, and his "skin" was tougher than the long johns.

...

While Dharmaraja was still pondering the meaning of life after witnessing all kinds of bizarre things in the Wang family's small villa, a ray of light was approaching the villa very swiftly.

A moment later, a man in white with beautiful hair dropped from the sky — this was precisely that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

He was carrying a lesser known immortal sword on his back, and those extremely dangerous-looking gray grenades still hung around his waist.

This was his regular look whenever he went out.

In this getup, however, he would definitely be arrested on the spot if he took the subway.

That grenade was the secret weapon of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's clan. It was obvious to anyone who had seen it before how lethal and destructive it was.

Furthermore, it was a secret weapon that was even ranked first on the list of destructive secret weapons, and it could injure cultivators at the Soul Formation stage.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Yo, hello everyone!"

"Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!" Eraser and Pen stood up to greet him.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Ah? Sheep! Why does it look like your color's faded again? Next time you come to this uncle's place, I'll wax and paint your body!"

"Okay!" Sheep clapped her hands happily.

As soon as he entered the villa, he greeted Pen, Eraser and Sheep with a warm smile, but when he saw Dharmaraja on the side, his smile froze.

Then, he chose to ignore Dharmaraja on the spot, and turned to carry several bags of broccoli into the kitchen and cosy up to Grandfather Wang and Mother Wang.

After taking two or three minutes to give his greetings, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal came out of the kitchen looking much more relaxed.

"Senior Immortal!" Dharmaraja raised his hand to greet Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. The other man had directly ignored him when he had entered earlier, which made him feel a little embarrassed.

"You..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cast a glance at the man from Immortal Mansion whose acupuncture points had been sealed, then looked at Dharmaraja and sighed with some disappointment. "As the successor to the godly thunder inheritance, it's bad enough that you don't cultivate diligently, and you just hang around the Xiao Family Compound every day. You have the godly thunder inheritance, but even in a clash of auras with this guy, you lost... this is the consequence of not moving forward!"

Dharmaraja was instantly speechless and fell silent.

Because this was the truth.

Of the descendants of the twelve ancient clans, he was the last remaining descendant of the Thunder clan, and also the successor to the clan's holy relic. After all, the godly thunder inheritance was currently the only known holy relic to have completely evolved beyond the Great Battle Qi era to rely on spirit energy for its operation.

Dharmaraja had always thought that he alone could never return the Thunder clan to its former glory, so all these years, he had instead taken advantage of the Thunder clan's name and used the godly thunder inheritance to make himself a living.

He had initially thought that even without cultivating, he could still wield strong power with this holy relic.

But after visiting the Wang family's small villa today, Dharmaraja realized that he really was just a frog in the well... he was really too insignificant!

"I won't say any more — from now on, you must put more effort into cultivating, with Ling Zhenren as our goal."

Seeing Dharmaraja lower his head in self-reflection, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't bother to say anything else. He had only said that thing about Dharmaraja leaving the group out of anger. After all, everyone in the group were brothers and sisters; there were times when it wasn't necessary to say more; pointing out the problem was enough.

Everyone was at the Soul Formation stage and trying their best to break through to the Void Refinement stage; this was something they were all aware of.

"Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, you've come just in time. This is the person from Immortal Mansion we captured. What's more, he's probably a leader in the organization. Lord Jingke has already sealed his spirit acupuncture points." Eraser pointed at the man whom Sheep was sitting on.

"Mm, this time you've really worked hard. It was also thanks to Brother Ling since he knew this bunch of people would definitely come looking for trouble, so he planned ahead."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled, his expression bright. "In fact, even if we weren't able to catch this person today, Brother Ling would have eventually found another way to track down Immortal Mansion's den. Back then at my place, he put a mine inside that Abyss Avoidance sword, so we would have been able to track that Immortal Mansion red-headed youngster's location at any time."

Eraser and Pen were quiet since they already knew this.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was deliberately saying it for the benefit of this man.

Later on, he pointed a finger at the man and directly unsealed his tongue. "So, is there anything you want to say now?"

This tall and sturdy man of Immortal Mansion kept his lips tightly sealed. "I have nothing to say. Don't expect me to tell you anything. Also, I advise you not to try going through my memories, since our Immortal Mansion people all bear the Lord's brand. If anyone tries to take our memories by force, it'll explode, and all of you will die as well."

"An explosion? Are you going to add a Thomas flair sky spiral 2 too? You dare threaten us?"

Pen let out a hmph and wanted to teach this person a lesson.

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stopped him before he could make a move. "— Hang on!"

Flipping his own hair back, he carefully checked the man's nape, and then sighed. "It seems he's telling the truth; there are traces of a brand on the back of his neck."

Dharmaraja furrowed his brow. "Senior Immortal, what should we do now?"

"We can only wait until he's ready to talk."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the man on the ground and said, "People from Immortal Mansion like to refine some part of their body into a magic weapon. I heard that this man seems to be extremely confident in the power of his eyes...?"

Eraser nodded his head. "They are indeed very powerful; before Lord Dharmaraja could do anything, the shock already caused his eyes to bleed!"

It felt like another arrow to Dharmaraja's knee. "..."

Can you stop bringing this thing up?! It's so humiliating!

"Very well."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed sinisterly, stood up, and patted Dharmaraja's shoulder. "Dharmaraja, it's time for you to redeem yourself!"

Dharmaraja: "???"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Someone come and force this person's eyelids open. Then Dharmaraja, you can blind his damn eyes with your godly thunder inheritance until he confesses!"

Chapter 244: If I Can Lie On Ling Zhenren's Bed Someday...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's rule for interrogation had always been to use special methods for special people. Of course, it might seem a little like unlawful torture, but in order to deal with the dark forces which liked to play small tricks behind the scenes, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's interrogation methods were nothing.

There were times when he felt that not everyone was able to comprehend basic truths through cultivation. Different people at the Soul Formation stage would have different understandings of it — the biggest difference was that some people became wiser while some became more muddled.

Obviously, after the man heard Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal tell Dharmaraja to use the godly thunder inheritance, he couldn't help sweating buckets of cold water.

The man looked at Dharmaraja blankly. "Are you... a descendant of the Thunder clan?"

"That's right." Dharmaraja nodded.

Man from Immortal Mansion: "..."

He had never expected that this person who had been standing in front of him all this time, wearing goggles and looking like a perverted uncle, would actually be a descendant of the Thunder clan, one of the twelve ancient clans.

To be honest, in the split second when their gazes had met earlier, a thought had flashed through the man's mind as he wondered whether this perverted uncle was an actor who played roles where he acted as a groper.

He didn't look like a descendant of the famous Thunder clan at all, and it was completely different from what he had imagined! — Even if you couldn't release one hundred thousand volts 1 , shouldn't you at least fit the picture of a teen idol with spiky blonde hair and a clearly defined six-pack, crackling with lightning 2 ?!

The man from Immortal Mansion couldn't suppress the strong desire in his heart to ridicule Dharmaraja fiercely.

Reality proved that there were times when people's dreams could really be crushed...

From where she was sitting on the man, Sheep could clearly see the expression of loss on his face after he had verified that Dharmaraja was from the Thunder clan.

She noticed that his eyes had grown dim.

Furthermore, this time, she could clearly hear the sound of his heart breaking.

...

"So after all this, it turns out that this person is your fan?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had crossed his arms and there was a funny expression on his face.

Dharmaraja was flattered: "...". He actually had fans?

"It makes sense. The last descendant of the Thunder clan who can use spirit energy to activate the holy relic, the godly thunder inheritance — by all accounts, it sounds like a great legend. The Thunder clan's name from back then is still a great one." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal curled his lip as he looked at Dharmaraja and said, "If you continue working for the Xiao clan as an electric welder, you'll just be squandering what's left of its reputation."



Dharmaraja blushed with shame when he heard this.

"Long ago, the Thunder clan protected our ancestors, which is why we juniors have always valued the clan." The man on the ground gritted his teeth and said, "But just because a descendant of the Thunder clan is standing in front of me doesn't mean I'll tell you anything just like that..."

"So you're a man of integrity."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed helplessly at the man on the ground.

A moment later, he waved his hand. "Fine, we're not in any rush to interrogate him. Let's just eat first. We can't miss Old Senior Wang's stewed broccoli soup!"

Dharmaraja was a little surprised. "What? Didn't you want me to blind him with my godly thunder inheritance?"

"In any case, he's a fan of yours, do you think you can really do that to him?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed.

As expected, Dharmaraja hesitated. He looked at the man on the ground and gave it some more thought before deciding to let it go in the end. He noticed that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked very confident, so he knew that the other man very likely had a countermeasure in place already.

Dharmaraja had always felt that in a world which prioritized looks, people who were his fans were a rare species... it had been hard to find one, so he had to take good care of him.

If the man hadn't been a fan, Dharmaraja had already been prepared to fry him either medium or medium well.

...

When it was time to eat, Father Wang and Lie Mengmeng didn't come downstairs as they were still engaged in lively discussion in the study. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly delivered the food to them, and the man from Immortal Mansion was taken aback by his reverent attitude.

At this point, he already couldn't use logic to figure out the situation inside this villa — because so far, looking at the current situation, there didn't seem to be a single normal person here!

He clearly couldn't sense any fluctuation of spirit energy from the homeowner, but whether it was Great Death-Courting Senior or Lightning Dharmaraja, a descendant of the Thunder clan, both of them showed reverence for the master of the house, and even called him "great senior."

The man wondered deeply whether his ability to sense spirit energy had already been crippled...

As they ate, this man from Immortal Mansion wasn't idle; although he had been tied up firmly, he was still thinking of ways to discreetly notify Immortal Mansion of the situation.

After a cheerful lunch with Mother Wang and Grandfather Wang, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly carried the man upstairs.

The man was heavy and 1.9 meters tall, but Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal just lifted him up by the rope with one finger, as if he was lifting up a chicken. He then threw him into Wang Ling's room to continue the interrogation.

Sitting on the edge of Wang Ling's bed, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal crossed his slender legs and gazed languidly at the man in front of him. "Don't bother trying, as soon as you entered the door just now, Sheep and the others had already flagged you. Any fluctuations of magic weapons and communication signals are cut off inside this house and won't connect to the outside world."

"Ah? This type of operation exists?" Dharmaraja was stunned again. Ever since coming to the Wang family's villa, he had felt like a fool, experiencing one shock after another.

He carefully checked his phone and saw that indeed, it didn't have a signal. No wonder he hadn't gotten any phone calls since coming here.

"I forgot to ask Sheep to set it up for you just now. The next time you come here, you won't be flagged anymore," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said as he looked at Dharmaraja.

"Then what about you?" Dharmaraja asked in return.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied, "I'm a regular guest, so they already changed the setting for me earlier on."

As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal spoke, Dharmaraja realized that the other man was already lying on Ling Zhenren's bed like a paralyzed geyou 3 . What was more, his elbow was pressing down a little on Jingke, lying next to the pillow... but Jingke didn't mind at all, and didn't make the slightest move!

Dharmaraja was speechless when he saw this. This wasn't just being familiar... this was already being intimate!

This was Ling Zhenren's bed, pillow and sword...

Even if he returned here a hundred times, Dharmaraja didn't think he would ever have the nerve to sprawl so leisurely on Ling Zhenren's bed like that.

He fixed his eyes on Wang Ling's soft single bed and swallowed unconsciously.

From another point of view, if he could someday lie on Ling Zhenren's bed like Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal... would that mean that his relationship with Ling Zhenren would have advanced a step?

#### Chapter 245: Your Lao Tan Pickled Cabbage Beef Noodles Have Arrived

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cast a sidelong glance at Dharmaraja and saw him staring stupidly at the bed. "Dharmaraja, are you thinking about something obscene?"

Lightning Dharmaraja: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "If you're thinking about lying down on Ling Zhenren's bed, I advise you to forget it. A few years ago, I teamed up with him to catch that ruthless, rampaging Six-Fingered Zither Demon, and we brought him here. Who knew that this guy wouldn't be able to resist the temptation to straightaway lie down on the bed."

Six-Fingered Zither Demon?

The man from Immortal Mansion couldn't help sweating — this savage had been really infamous a few years ago, and even foreign news media outlets had commented that this devil would surpass Devil Emperor Gua Pi.

But in the end, this Six-Fingered Zither Demon had somehow been caught, stripped of his spirit energy, and then locked away in a holy prison. Specific details of the operation had never been made public.

Dharmaraja swallowed. "What happened?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal breathed a sigh. "After that, this Six-Fingered Zither Demon could no longer see the fingers in front of his face..."

Lightning Dharmaraja: "Do you mean that this Zither Demon went blind?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "No, he literally had no more fingers."

Dharmaraja and the man from Immortal Mansion: "..."

"The moment this Zither Demon lay down on Ling Zhenren's bed, Lord Pillow Immortal cut off all the six fingers that this demon was so proud of," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said. "Lord Pillow Immortal was also enlightened by Brother Ling, and unless he has given permission, any outsider who tries to lie on this bed will suffer a tragic end."

Cold sweat drenched Dharmaraja's back, and he took several steps back.

"Actually, you don't have to be that scared. If you touch the bed accidentally, it's not like Lord Pillow Immortal will do anything to you." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed and waved his hand.

"Then how did you do it?" Dharmaraja had a curious expression on his face.

"That's a secret."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal narrowed his eyes and smiled slightly.

A year's supply of crispy noodle snacks for the right to lie on this bed for a year... there was no way he would tell anyone about this great bargain!

...

The bedroom was utterly silent. The man from Immortal Mansion lay on the floor and still refused to say anything. But as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said earlier, he had already figured out a solution.

Hence, only Dharmaraja was left feeling anxious. Senior Immortal liked to keep people guessing; this was a trait that had never changed from the moment they had met.

Roughly fifteen minutes later, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sat up from his paralyzed geyou slouch and looked out the window with a smile. "He's here..."

He had already considered the fact that the person dropping by would interrupt the seniors inside the villa by ringing the doorbell, so he quickly got up, his white clothes fluttering.

He thus went downstairs to wait directly at the front door of the Wang family's small villa.

A moment later, an uncle who looked to be in his forties could be seen approaching the villa from a distance, a delivery bag in hand. He still had those sunken eyes and that long knife scar which bisected his right eye and stretched down his neck.

"Yo, Boss Tan, hello." Grenade-Throwing Senior greeted him from afar.

When Boss Tan came up to him and saw who had ordered the takeout, his lips twitched straightaway. "Why is it you?"

Delivered from eight hundred li away, the noodles had already turned to paste... If this order hadn't been for ten bowls of noodles, he would never have come!

Boss Tan thrust the bag into Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hand. "There, your ten large bowls of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took the bag, that sunny smile still on his face. "Boss, why has your Midnight Dining Hall started doing deliveries now?"

"Business is bad." Boss Tan threw his hands up in the air. "My shop does open at night, but I should take advantage of the day as well. I think takeout delivery is a very good idea."

"Oh."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Actually, we wanted you to deliver the takeout in particular because of something else."

Boss Tan straightaway laughed since he had already guessed it the moment he had seen Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"Tell me then, what do you want?"

Boss Tan asked with a sigh, "The hawthorn seed I gave you the last time didn't produce anything?"

That couldn't be, it had been the real thing... also, the story behind it had been true.

He had kept this seed all this time — if it hadn't been because he had wanted to say goodbye to that old story and start a new chapter in his life, plus it had also just so happened that someone was investigating the maker of the stone ghost mask, Boss Tan didn't think he would have given away that seed just like that.

"No, it's not about the seed." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shook his head with a smile as he stepped to one side. "Boss Tan, please follow me upstairs and take a look."

Boss Tan was a little hesitant as he gazed at the door.

...

To be honest, before seeing Boss Tan, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had still been doubtful about his deduction. But after seeing the other man in person, he could confirm that Boss Tan's spirit energy was extremely similar to that of the man from Immortal Mansion.

Also, Boss Tan had personally advised him to stay away from Immortal Mansion when he had eaten noodles at his shop before, so Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had reason to believe that the man from Immortal Mansion might have something to do with Boss Tan.

Boss Tan was very sharp; it seemed that he had already noticed something, and though he was on the first floor, his gaze was fixed in the direction of Wang Ling's bedroom on the second floor.

The afternoon sun lit up that knife scar, which had to have some story behind it, on Boss Tan's face.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal remembered Boss Tan saying before that he had gotten this scar after taking a careless tumble that had put him in the path of a holy weapon's attack while he had been fleeing the sect amidst the chaos of battle. This story had sounded a little bizarre and a little too much like the plot of a drama — the point was that it just sounded very, very unconvincing.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had always felt that the story behind this knife scar was probably far more complicated than it seemed.

Boss Tan's inscrutable gaze was fixed on the floor above.

He had been trying to run from the past all these years.

But sure enough, it was impossible to escape what was meant to be...

After a short pause, he waved one hand and looked at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Lead on."

...

When they entered the villa, Grandfather Wang and Mother Wang were washing the dishes in the kitchen. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal went in to greet them and say that he had brought a friend over to conduct the interrogation together. The old man was a very easygoing person, and straightaway accepted it without asking too many questions.

Boss Tan stood outside the kitchen, and when he saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's humble attitude as he bowed after every question he asked, he was greatly surprised. For some reason, he felt as if he was surrounded by a group of big shots...

Then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal showed Boss Tan upstairs.

In front of the bedroom door, Boss Tan raised his eyebrows, his hands behind his back. "Is it here?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hummed in acknowledgement. "We caught someone from Immortal Mansion, and want to ask you if you recognize him."

Boss Tan nodded without saying a word.

That brawny man from Immortal Mansion seemed to have already sensed something. He raised his head with a slightly scared expression from where he was lying on the floor, and happened to look right at that knife scar on Boss Tan's face as soon as the latter entered the room.

They looked at each other, lost in silence...

A moment later, this man from Immortal Mansion, whose face had turned pale with fright, actually retreated to one corner of the room in fear. "Big brother... why are you here?"

## Chapter 246: A Spirit Sword Collector Maniac

Although they had already guessed that Boss Tan was somehow connected to this man from Immortal Mansion, whether it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal or Dharmaraja, they hadn't expected the relationship to be that close.



Bro...ther?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal blinked and felt like he was watching a melodramatic soap opera.

Because whether it was in terms of build or appearance, Boss Tan and the man on the floor were completely unlike.

Boss Tan was of medium build with well-defined muscles, but nowhere close to this man's tall and sturdy frame.

Seeing the man huddled in the corner, Boss Tan clearly twitched, and he put one hand to his brow as if his head hurt. "Didn't I tell you to leave? Why are you still fooling around there after all these years?"

The man looked a little aggrieved. "Master told me that after I complete one more task, I'll be promoted to branch leader! And after I retire from the division, I plan on getting the pension..."

Boss Tan was instantly speechless. "... His little brother was still so naïve! He would believe anything, even such nonsense about a pension!

Boss Tan couldn't help recalling when he had chosen to leave the sect back then after he had seen through that stingy Master of Immortal Mansion! Boss Tan's pay had been far less than what he now earned, after opening his shop!

Of course, that was just one of the reasons why Boss Tan had left — the most crucial thing was that this Immortal Mansion was too complicated.

Furthermore, he had been able to tell earlier on how twisted this Master of Immortal Mansion actually was!

"How long has it been since you caught my brother?" Boss Tan sighed and asked.

"Probably less than two hours," Dharmaraja answered.

"If I remember correctly, Immortal Mansion has a routine check-in procedure. Whether the mission is a success or not, if there hasn't been a progress report by the allocated time, it would be treated as a failure." Boss Tan narrowed his eyes. He was well aware that once Immortal Mansion determined that the mission had failed, the person who had been assigned the mission would very quickly become a target to be eliminated.

Without saying anything else, Boss Tan straightaway took out the phone from the man's pocket, pressed the callback button and put it on speaker, then stared at the man in front of him. "You know what to say, right?"

The man looked aggrieved. "Bro..."

Boss Tan's expression was severe as he pressed down on the man's head. "Cut the crap! Behave yourself, or I'll crush your head between my thighs!"

The man: "..."

Soon, a voice came over the line. "Hello? Little Tan, what is the status of your mission?"

After a short period of silence, he finally answered, "Reporting, Chief, I ran into a bit of trouble, but it wasn't of any consequence."

"Oh, then do you need reinforcements?"

"...That is unnecessary, I can handle it."

"Very well, I await your victory."

After that, Boss Tan ended the call and breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm sorry to trouble all of you. Let me introduce him; this is my biological brother, Tan Qian."

"No wonder," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "I felt that his spirit energy was similar to yours. When the two of you were talking just now, I instantly thought that your voices were alike. Could it be that this little brother Tan and Boss Tan are twins?"

"Yes, we're twins," Boss Tan said. "Did you think our looks and builds are different? That's because he cultivates Immortal Mansion's Panwu Immortal Martial Arts. This technique makes up for the lack of any innate talent; after cultivation, a person becomes taller and stronger, and their appearance changes. However, it has one drawback, and that is it shortens a person's lifespan."

Boss Tan seemed to be recalling a lot of things. "In the past, I saw with my own eyes how those who cultivated this technique for hundreds of years all became giants tens of meters tall, and they moved in an abnormal way."

Ab...normal 1 ?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Dharmaraja's lips twitched. "..."

"Do you know what happens to these abnormal types?" Boss Tan gave his little brother a meaningful look.

"Chief said that those who cultivate the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts are assigned roles as competent staff who work behind the scenes at Immortal Mansion's Peach Blossom Source, where they can get anything they want," replied Tan Qian.

"It looks like you don't know anything at all."

Boss Tan laughed, but there was sorrow in his expression. "People who cultivate this technique are indeed ultimately sent to a place called Peach Blossom Source. But the truth is that that place is one of Immortal Mansion's secret execution grounds. Every last person in the late cultivation stage of the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts is executed... their bodies, moreover, become sources of immense power."

"How can that be..."

Tan Qin was dumbstruck — he had known nothing about this at all.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Dharmaraja were soaked in cold sweat. It was true that after cultivators died, their bodies could actually become powerful sources of energy. But what did the Master of Immortal Mansion need so much energy for?

"Unfortunately, I was only able to uncover this much before I made the decision to leave. I don't know what their ultimate goal is. Back then, I did everything I could to escape those people." The distress on Boss Tan's face was apparent.

"Then Boss, do you have your own suspicions?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal furrowed his brow. If Boss Tan was telling the truth, then Immortal Mansion was far more evil than he had imagined.

"I might have a rough idea." Boss Tan continued, "As far as I know, the Master of Immortal Mansion is actually a spirit sword collector maniac. He already has two-thirds of the spirit swords on the historical cultivation list of swords. Also, based on the clues I collected, it looks like he's trying to create the ultimate godly sword to crush all the other swords on the list..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was abruptly struck by something. "That person from Immortal Mansion who caused a ruckus at my place was looking for the maker of the stone ghost mask. Does that have anything to do with this?"

"It's very likely." Boss Tan nodded. "If they want to create the ultimate godly sword, they need to find a powerful smith."

Hearing this, Tan Qian felt like giving up on thinking. Huddled in the corner, he gripped his head in pain.

"Senior Immortal, are you going to deal with him?"

Boss Tan looked at Tan Qian before turning his head to face the young man in white in front of him. "He probably doesn't know any more than I do about Immortal Mansion. If you let him go, I'll tell you whatever you want to know, and I won't leave anything out."

"Since he's your little brother, we can talk about what to do next," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied.

"That's good."

Boss Tan let out a breath. "But Senior Immortal, I have one request."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Boss Tan, feel free to say it."

"Everyone says that you know a lot of strange techniques. Do you perhaps know of a way to make a person forget the abilities that they've cultivated?"

Boss Tan looked at Tan Qian and said, "He hasn't cultivated the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts to a high level, but this technique is addictive; a person can easily become hooked on it, and it's hard to give up unless one forgets it."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal understood what Boss Tan was saying.

Indeed, it would be very dangerous to continue cultivating this art.

However, trying to get rid of one specific memory was really too difficult!

Furthermore, the art itself would be embedded in the depths of a person's mind, and was the hardest type of deep-set memory to extract.

Boss Tan: "Senior Immortal, do you have any good ideas?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal scratched his head, then pointed at Tan Qian. "What if... I try punching him?"

Boss Tan, Tan Qian and Dharmaraja: "..."

Chapter 247: Can Only Become a Big Shot Through Study

People were prone to forget things. Even if there was a way to get rid of the memory, the entire memory timeframe would also be erased. Trying to extract a specific memory of a particular event and make it disappear was truly difficult.

"As expected... it can't be done, can it?"

Boss Tan sighed with some resignation. "If there truly is no other way, I can only handle it by force..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal raised an eyebrow. "For example?"

Boss Tan: "For example, when he gets the craving to do martial arts, I'll forcibly tie him up and stop him from doing the hand seals."

"..."

"But even then there's another problem; when he goes into withdrawal, my little brother will go wild with rage, and it'll be very hard to control him then." Saying this, Boss Tan's eyes lit up. "Unless... we have the Golden Canopy Rope."

The Three Auspicious Treasures again...

It suddenly occurred to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal that the Seven Stars Sword which they had obtained from that subordinate of the Lady of the Castle, Ah You, was still with him.

After that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had in fact asked Little Black to investigate the remaining two magic weapons. He already knew that one of them, the genuine Purple Gold Gourd, had been in the old devil's hands, while there was no news yet on the whereabouts of the Golden Canopy Rope.

On the side, as he listened to the conversation between the two, Tan Qian's eyes dimmed significantly. If it hadn't been for today's incident, he would never have realized how deep the still waters ran in Immortal Mansion. "Brother, when I go back, I'll be honest and resign."

"No, given the current situation, it would be safer for you to remain at Immortal Mansion. Fortunately, this aligns with our investigation into this organization. For these people to turn you into this... it would be better to just kill them all."

Tan Qian started at the look in Tan Siming's eyes. This was the first time he had seen such an expression on his big brother's face.

Boss Tan's eyes darkened. "The most important thing right now is to find a way to help you suppress the side effects of the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts."

"How about we wait for Ling Zhenren to return and ask him then?" Dharmaraja suddenly cut in.

"Ling Zhenren?"

Boss Tan patted his head in sudden recollection. "Oh, is that the young man who wrote a song in my shop before?" Back then, he had already felt that the young man wasn't a simple person, but he hadn't thought that he would actually be a big shot!

"Ling Zhenren has amazing abilities, he will definitely think of something. But we won't know for sure until he comes back. At the moment, he's still at his school's military training," said Dharmaraja.

...School... military training?

Because he had already seen Father Wang before, Boss Tan was already aware of Wang Ling's identity as a student. But when he heard Dharmaraja's words for himself, he was still unable to suppress his shock... this Lightning Dharmaraja and Great Death-Courting Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal in front of him were both famous in the cultivation world, but even they called Wang Ling "Zhenren 1 " over and over again, as befitting a senior...

Boss Tan really couldn't imagine Ling Zhenren's reason for being so absorbed in his studies...

Sure enough! Knowledge was power.

Could it be that one could only become a big shot through study?

...

That evening, Tan Qian didn't leave until he and Boss Tan had had dinner at the Wang family's small villa.

The old man was very hospitable toward the Tan brothers. While this was Boss Tan's first time meeting Grandfather Wang, it was enough to make him want to prostrate himself in admiration before the old man. In the face of Tan Qian's harassment and offense against them, Grandfather Wang hadn't gotten angry, but instead had repaid evil with good — only a true great senior would have this type of tolerance!

On the way back to Immortal Mansion on his flying sword, Tan Qian's eyes were fixed on the small medicine bottle in his hand, his heart filled with complex emotions.

Since he hadn't been able to think of a way to suppress the addiction caused by the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had given Tan Qian this bottle of sleeping pills for the time being. It was the best solution he could think of at the moment to thoroughly cut off the addiction caused by cultivating this technique.

These sleeping pills had been personally made by Immortal Toya. Half a pill was enough to make a Soul Formation cultivator sleep for three hours — even if the sky collapsed, he wouldn't wake up. The effect of a whole pill would usually last for six hours, which happened to coincide with when the martial arts withdrawal would happen.

But relying on sleeping pills wasn't a long-term solution. The higher a person's realm, the more immune they became to the drug. This bottle of sleeping pills would only be good for half a month at the most. After that, the drug's efficacy would plummet.

Of course, this wasn't the real reason for Tan Qian's confused feelings.

He had clearly come to the Wang family's small villa today to investigate the truth about them, but in the end he had failed. Instead, he had been caught, and had been taught a lesson by his own big brother on the spot before being fooled into staying on with Immortal Mansion, but as a spy.

As for the Master of Immortal Mansion's ultimate aim, this was all speculation on his brother Tan Siming's part. Though Tan Qian felt that it was already very close to the truth, if he wanted to verify it, he would still need to do his best and collect some real evidence.

What he found surprising...

...was that he had actually become the legendary "erwuzai 2"...



...

Sometimes coincidence was a magical thing — you never knew what was going to happen next. Even Wang Ling, who knew the Measuring Fate Spell and had once predicted Dopey Guo's fate, couldn't predict his own fortune.

It was June 20th on Monday in the ninth week of the semester.

The combined military training for the six schools had ended. The school had specially put aside today as a day of rest for students to relieve their fatigue and absorb the knowledge they gained from the military training.

To be honest, Wang Ling hadn't profited much from the military training, especially since he had gone into it with a "fishing in troubled waters" mentality. Dopey Guo might have suffered because of one mouthful of Mother Juan's "fan bing bing," but he was the person to have benefited the most from it.

Various renowned universities had extended an olive branch to him, and a spirit sword manufacturer had even invited him to be their brand ambassador. It could be said that his future career path was bright...

Dopey Guo had once said that his dream was to open the biggest seafood market in the country, larger than his family's pet shop in terms of both scale and reputation.

And back then, Wang Ling had indeed measured Dopey Guo's fortune.

According to the outcome of his fortune-telling at that time, Dopey Guo's ambition would be realized in five hundred years.

Now, Wang Ling finally understood.

The military training was the original source of all this evil...

...

In the evening at the Wang family's small villa, Wang Ling returned to his bedroom and found signs that Jingke had taken action. He had placed Jingke under his pillow before he left, and now he noticed that Jingke was next to it instead.

Sure enough, while he had been gone these two days, someone had come to make trouble.

He suddenly felt that leaving Jingke behind in the villa had been the right decision to make.

"Ling Ling, come down and eat." Mother Wang had already prepared dinner downstairs.

Wang Ling put Jingke away again and went downstairs. It was only then that he realized that Loopy Toad actually hadn't followed him upstairs earlier.

That was because when it had gone up halfway, the old man had intercepted it to squish its cheeks.

As he rubbed Loopy Toad's fat little face, the old man frowned and murmured in his heart: Why has this kid lost weight?

## Chapter 248: Loopy Toad's Dream

After thoroughly accepting its fate as a dog, it could be said that Loopy Toad had assimilated further into modern cultivation life, and since No. 60 High School, had gradually integrated into the Wang family. The old man only knew that Loopy Toad used to be a demon king, and had never brought up its original identity.

Anyone would be curious, but the old man was keenly aware that as a former demon king, Loopy Toad also had its pride.

The past was the past; now, he just treated Loopy Toad as a member of the Wang family. It was enough for him to know that it was a loyal dog.

Therefore, the person Loopy Toad was the closest to in the Wang family after Little Master Ling was Grandfather Wang.

Teacher Pan had borrowed Loopy Toad for a few days for the military training. It appeared to have lost a lot of weight, which made the old man's heart ache just looking at it. Actually, it wasn't that Loopy Toad had gotten thinner, but that it now had a far more refined-looking body after advancing in its cultivation, creating the mistaken impression that it looked "thin."

But the old man didn't understand any of this. Seeing that Loopy Toad was thinner, he began to rack his brains for nutritious meals to feed it so that it could become "Toad Zhuangshi 1."

That evening, while Wang Ling had dinner, the old man prepared an additional meal for Loopy Toad. Wang Ling saw the old man spin a ladle familiarly in the kitchen as he smiled at Loopy Toad at his feet. "At my age, how much longer do you think I can live for?"

Loopy Toad suddenly raised its head and looked suspiciously at the old man; it didn't know why he would suddenly bring up this sad topic.

It didn't know any techniques for measuring fate, but it knew how to read faces a little, and it was very certain in its heart that for the old man to live to a ripe old age was definitely not a problem.

"Even if I can live to be ninety, that's less than thirty years away. You are a demon king, and you know how to cultivate. Shouldn't you live longer than me?"

The old man smiled inanely and squatted down to rub Loopy Toad's head. "No matter how long I'll be able to stay with you or who you'll guard the house for in the future, right now, you are my family's dog."

Wang Ling looked at this scene through the doorway.

He saw that Loopy Toad actually had tears in its eyes.

...

After dinner was when the old man would watch TV.

Based on Mother Wang's recommendation, he had finished watching the entire series of The Story of the True Ring 2 . Then, under Father Wang's careful guidance, he had finally learned how to use the TV's search function, and was able to browse for dramas he was interested in.

The old man had recently been watching a large-scale inspirational youth drama production about cooking called The Verdant and Spicy Years 3 . It told the story of a young chef from a family of chefs who, in his struggles to become a kitchen god, went on a search for the legendary godly onion 4 which was said to be able to bring out the fullest umami flavor of a dish, and he was accompanied by his little sister childhood sweetheart as well as his warmhearted gay friend.

In the quest for this legendary godly onion, these three people experienced countless dangers. In the end, the protagonist's sweetheart sacrificed her own ancestral white water lily to attract the godly onion. It was when the godly onion was sucking the white water lily dry, almost turning it into black fungus, that the protagonist and his gay friend decisively made a move and grabbed the godly onion with an R Flash 5 . In the end, the trio joined forces to become master chefs!

The old man hugged Loopy Toad, one hand stroking its dog fur while he used the other to wipe away his tears.

He had never cried like this before he had watched The Story of the True Ring . Now, he was wholly moved by the protagonist as he struggled on his path toward becoming a kitchen god; it was a story which resonated significantly with the old man.

He couldn't help sighing emotionally in his heart: this, was true damn youth!

Conversely, Loopy Toad was clearly taken aback by the plot of this drama as it stared at the TV blankly.

Loopy Toad gave up on thinking...

...

When Loopy Toad returned to the room at eight o'clock that evening, it found Little Master Ling cleaning Jingke's sword body.

Cleaning Jingke was very different to cleaning other swords. It couldn't touch water, and it couldn't be rubbed with spirit sand as that would destroy the grain pattern on the sword.

In essence, it was still a peach wood sword, so more care had to be taken with its maintenance.

Wang Ling hadn't cleaned Jingke with such care for a very long time. He had to infuse the spirit earth specially used for cleaning wooden swords with his spirit energy and then cover every inch of Jingke's body with it as if he was applying a facial mask. After the spirit soil was completely dry, he would peel it off little by little.

It seemed very simple, but it was delicate work, so each time Wang Ling cleaned Jingke's body, he looked particularly serious. This was probably the most serious that Loopy Toad had seen him except for when he was studying.

As Loopy Toad stared at Wang Ling in the silence of their surroundings, it somehow started to feel a little sleepy...

Soon, it could no longer keep its eyes open.

...

Loopy Toad was dreaming from a god's perspective.

It dreamed of a fat stranger with a bloody mouth who was tied to an iron post. In front of him stood a Taoist in red.

The Taoist in red sneered, and instantly, the spirit energy behind him transformed into a hundred magic swords which pierced the fat man's chest...

The scene changed.

Loopy Toad saw the Taoist in red throw those bloody, magic swords into a furnace...

What on earth was the meaning of this dream? Loopy Toad watched blankly from a god's perspective, and heard the Taoist in red laugh wildly as he cast all the magic swords into the furnace.

At this laugh, Loopy Toad abruptly woke up.

It leapt to its feet as if it had had a nightmare. In front of him, Little Master Ling was still cleaning Jingke's sword body.

It looked at the clock on the wall — it was five minutes past eight o'clock.

This seemingly long and fragmented dream had actually only lasted five minutes.

What the hell was going on?

A few drops of cold sweat ran down Loopy Toad's face — ordinarily, it seldom dreamed while it slept.

...Was this a foreshadowing dream of the toad clan?

Loopy Toad abruptly widened its eyes.

It recalled a legend of the toad clan. Toads were lazy by nature and liked to sleep. They seldom dreamed, so if they did, it was an omen. Though Loopy Toad was a dog now, in essence, it still had the soul of a toad!

But this dream was really too strange.

From beginning to end, it had jumped from scene to scene, and it had featured people Loopy Toad had never seen before... Damn foreshadowing dream, tell me the story clearly! We're not acting out Conan 6, do you have to be so cryptic?

Loopy Toad lay flat on the ground as it pulled at its ears, suddenly feeling its brain hurt. For the time being, in the current situation, its IQ wasn't high enough to solve the riddle of this dream.

Chapter 249: Your Stamina Sucks!

Loopy Toad felt that its foreshadowing dream was a little like the golden millet dream 1 . The difference, however, was that in the legendary golden millet dream, one experienced and enjoyed a lifetime of prosperity, only to wake up and find that the millet hadn't finished cooking. But with Loopy Toad's own dream, it couldn't discern what on earth it was trying to say.

Loopy Toad didn't know who that wildly laughing maniac in its dream with the one hundred magic swords behind him was, nor the fat man whose heart had been stabbed by those swords.

Furthermore, Loopy Toad realized that their faces were becoming more and more blurry. The HD unpixelated features which had been so clear during the dream had in a short instant become just shadows in its mind.

Loopy Toad scratched its dog head and looked a little jittery. It wanted to tell Little Master Ling about the dream, but Wang Ling was currently still busy and had no time for it at all.

After thinking about it, Loopy Toad decided to record its dream down first in its Human Observation Diary before it forgot more of it again.

After Wang Ling finished cleaning Jingke, he noticed that Loopy Toad had already fallen asleep at the foot of the bed. He flipped through his study materials and spent two minutes reviewing them and three minutes preparing for the next lesson before he was ready to take a break.

After the military training, life had slowed down once again, returning to the rhythm that was Wang Ling's favorite and the one he was most familiar with. But while he had always felt that the communal life didn't suit him, he now didn't think it was as terrible as he had imagined.

The pace of life had slowed down, but matters requiring attention hadn't decreased at all.

He already knew about the incident with Boss Tan; he had always felt that the identity of the Master of Immortal Mansion wasn't simple. At the very least, he was currently the most difficult person whom Wang Ling had ever had to deal with, and more troublesome than even the old devil.

General Yi had successfully captured the old devil this time purely because the old devil had yet to recover his peak strength. The other reason was that the devil emperor had in the end been straightforward in how he did things; he was far less sly than the Master of Immortal Mansion.

When that Immortal Mansion youth had appeared under the hawthorn tree and caused a ruckus, Wang Ling had left a trace of his spirit energy on the other person's Abyss Avoidance sword, but until now there hadn't been a response from it.

He had no idea if this trace had been discovered or not.

For dark forces, the worst taboo they could commit was exposing their sect's whereabouts.

One thing that Wang Ling could be sure of was that the Master of Immortal Mansion would definitely be on guard against this possibility.

Now, they could only wait for further news from Boss Tan's little brother Tan Qian.

At his desk, Wang Ling looked at Jingke, and his eyebrows couldn't help twitching.

He didn't know if the Master of Immortal Mansion's ultimate aim truly was to create a supreme godly sword...

But he could be sure of one thing.

That was...

...

It was June 21st on Tuesday in the ninth week of the semester.

Sheep was on time after school as she showed up in an alley next to No. 60 High School and leaned against the wall while she waited for Wang Ling.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was initially supposed to take her to get painted today, but because he had to help rebuild the bodies of the deliverymen and so wasn't free, Wang Ling would take her instead.



Just before the end of school, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sent Wang Ling the address. The owner of the magic weapons shop had the surname Luo and was a smith who was excellent at his craft. He had already done maintenance on Sheep once, and everything had seemed to go very smoothly and easily, so there was no need to worry about his skill in the least.

Furthermore, Boss Luo was also part of their group of friends; it was just that he didn't usually like to chat online and also hadn't joined the chat group.

He was also the one who repaired Immortal Toya's furnaces whenever they exploded.

Wang Ling had already sensed Sheep's position as soon as he stepped out of the school gate.

When he turned into the alley, he actually found Sheep surrounded by a bunch of delinquents with dyed hair and nose rings and earrings, with some of them wearing gold chains around their necks; anyone who didn't know what was going on would probably think that they were rappers from the variety show The Rap of China .

Sheep was only one hundred and forty centimeters tall, shorter than Jingke, and her small frame was surrounded by these delinquents. She was wearing a little gray coat and her small face was so white and cute that anyone who saw it would want to bite it.

At that moment, she was leaning against the wall, her face expressionless.

"Big brother, she looks like she's still a kid..."

"Don't you know the saying, 'the body of a lolita, the heart of an imperial sister'? It's more interesting to play with a kid like this!"

A tattooed man with two gold chains around his neck panted and his eyes sized Sheep up and down excitedly. "Little friend, are you lost? Come with big brother, I'll buy you a lollipop and take you out to play!"

Looking at this scene from a distance, Wang Ling narrowed his eyes, but had no intention of intervening.

The fact was that in the face of hooligans and delinquents like these, if you gave them an inch with your reticence, they would take a mile. The tattooed man with gold chains didn't bother enticing Sheep with too many words before he started to directly make a move. Eyes fixed on her hair buns, he stretched out his hand. They were so cute that no one could resist wanting to rub them.

Unfortunately for this gold-chained delinquent, he had barely reached out before Sheep directly dodged sideways so that he wound up snatching at air.

"Wow, hey, so agile?" He hadn't anticipated the little lolita to be so fast. Also, when he had reached for her, he had seen her completely cross her eyebrows and puff up her cheeks in anger.

Tch, this was exactly the type of bad temper that he liked!

The gold-chained delinquent laughed and his expression became even more obscene. He directly stretched out his hands to grab Sheep.

But Sheep's movements were really too fast, just like the wind. She was clearly just dodging left and right, but in such a small space, it looked like an illusion.

The jaws of the stunned delinquents had all dropped — this definitely wasn't regular human speed! This lolita's movements were really too fast! They couldn't be seen with the naked eye at all!

She was clearly a cultivator!

But she was clearly just a kid...

The delinquents couldn't believe what they were seeing. Some of them thought about stopping the gold-chained person, but unfortunately he was in a rage from his failed attempts — each time, he would only just miss grabbing her!

I catch!

I catch!

I still catch!

I catch and catch...!

However, Sheep dodged every attack.

Five minutes later, the gold-chained delinquent was already too tired to go on, and he bent forward gasping for breath, hands on his knees.

Large drops of sweat rolled down his forehead to drip onto the ground. He stared at Sheep and wiped at his sweat, completely giving up. "You... you... just go... consider yourself lucky..."

Sheep raised an eyebrow and snorted. She then walked out from amidst this bunch of delinquents unscathed. Before leaving, she tilted her head and cast a sidelong glance at the gold-chained delinquent. "You couldn't last just five minutes, your stamina sucks!"

With that, she walked toward Wang Ling without a backward glance.

Standing at the mouth of the alley, Wang Ling could hear from a distance the sound of the gold-chained delinquent's heart breaking...

Chapter 250: I'm Not His Little Sister...

It was obvious that Sheep had stabbed at this gold-chained delinquent's sore spot.

He fell to his knees and swore at the heavens...

I once had a lolita, but I didn't cherish her 1 . When I lost her, it was too late for regrets. There is no worst pain in the world than this. If God could give me another chance, he would say: Never... ever... play around with a lolita!

...

The reason why Sheep had chosen to meet Wang Ling in the alley was because Wang Ling liked to keep a low profile.

However, when he brought her out, they still attracted a lot of attention. Her pink hair buns and her little gray jacket contrasted sharply and were really too eye-catching.

She followed behind Wang Ling obediently at a distance of around one zhang 2 .

Wang Ling could feel the gazes fixed on him as he took Sheep out like this, so he couldn't teleport without someone noticing.

Furthermore, he was still wearing his school uniform. If someone noticed him teleporting, he would hit the headlines tomorrow: "Some high school student from No. 60 High School is actually capable of teleportation? Is this warped humanity or moral decay..."

In the end, he decided to take the subway to bring Sheep to Boss Luo's shop.

They crossed a long pedestrian bridge. On the other side was the station closest to No. 60 High School, Qingyun Road Subway Line One. Wang Ling estimated that there were eight stops from here to Wuliang Road.

Since the founding of Huaxiu nation, the criss-crossed subway lines had formed a dense and complicated web which penetrated the entire underground space. Although a lot of cultivators still chose to fly on their swords to get to their destinations, they needed to pay tolls, and now and then they would be stopped for ID checks.

In contrast, the only checks at the subway were the security ones at the station entrances. Although the subway was slower than a flying sword, it was less troublesome as there were fewer processes to go through.

The subway cars nowadays had all been expanded with the Space Expansion Skill, so everyone had a place to sit and it never became crowded.

Wang Ling entered the subway station and saw a lot of different types of people, from ordinary office workers carrying briefcases to cultivators in strange attire who were giving off spirit energy.

Using your spiritual senses was always the most direct and reliable way to determine if a person was a cultivator, otherwise you would never know if the man dressed in traditional costume in front of you was a cultivator or a cosplayer.

An ordinary person wouldn't be able to see with the naked eye any magic treasures a cultivator might be carrying on them, but just because they weren't visible didn't mean there wasn't any danger. Therefore, any spirit swords and magic treasures which cultivators might have on them when they entered the subway station had to be put away in a storage bag, and cultivators were forbidden from taking them out and using them the entire time they were on the subway.

The subway also had a spatial magic treasure which tracked surveillance signals. Once it detected a fluctuation, a group of subway attendants would appear before you like the Red Guards 3 ...

Wang Ling took Sheep through security smoothly. When he turned his head, he was surprised to notice an acquaintance — Immortal Toya's disciple Li Miaozen, or Director Li, whom Wang Ling had met at Second Hospital back then.

Director Li had been stopped by two subway security guards and he looked a little embarrassed.

Looking at him from a distance, Wang Ling was surprised to realize that Director Li's destination was actually Boss Luo's place. He was going to pick up an immortal sword today which he had left with Boss Luo for maintenance. His initial plan had been to take the subway to go and get the sword, then fly on it to send a patient's urine sample to a branch hospital. In the end, he hadn't expected to be stopped for a security check.

A security officer pointed at the glass bottle that Director Li was carrying. "Sir, what is this yellow substance?"

As a hospital director, Director Li was obligated to protect the patient's privacy, so he declined to answer with dignity. "I'm very sorry, I can't tell you..."

"Is it toxic or harmful?" The security officers scowled and stared at Director Li with wary expressions.

Director Li: "Of course not..."

Security officer: "If not, then please drink a mouthful."

Director Li: "..."

...

In the end, Wang Ling chose to not muddy the waters. Songhai city's subway security had always been very strict; now that Director Li had been detained, it would probably be a while before they let him go.

Worst of all, Director Li had come out this time in plain clothes; he wasn't wearing his white coat and didn't even have his work ID. Coupled with the bottle of yellow unknown liquid that he was carrying, it would be strange if he didn't look suspicious.

The end of school coincided with the evening rush hour, and the station today was still as crowded as ever. Even though there was no need to worry that there wouldn't be any empty seats on the subway, the station platform was still a little crowded.

Sheep had obediently followed behind Wang Ling, but their extremely crowded surroundings made her a little uncomfortable, so she moved forward and grasped one of Wang Ling's fingers with her small hand.

Wang Ling was taken aback, but when he saw the dense flow of passengers around them, he let Sheep hold on to him.

Sheep blinked as she looked around curiously.

Drawing her in by the hand, Wang Ling stood on the platform and waited for the subway train. He could feel a lot of eyes around them fixed in their direction; it was very clear that they weren't looking at him, but at Sheep!

A cute girl who looked like a porcelain doll — whoever saw her couldn't help taking a second look.

Behind Wang Ling stood an old auntie who stared at Sheep for a very long time, and in the end couldn't help saying to Wang Ling, "Young man, are you taking your sister out to play?"

"..."

Wang Ling was silent for a bit before he nodded.

The auntie bent down to stare at Sheep. The more she looked, the more she liked her. She itched to squeeze Sheep's face, but was a little embarrassed to do so. "Dear me, your little sister is so cute! Is she your real sister?"

"..." Wang Ling could only continue nodding.

He didn't really want to talk with the auntie in front of him, but unfortunately, she had completely lost her mind the moment she had seen Sheep.

Children always held a special place in the hearts of old people.

"Your little sister is so cute and you are so handsome; your mother must be a great beauty!" As she chattered on, the auntie took advantage of the opportunity to rub Sheep's head; unexpectedly, Sheep didn't resist.

In fact, she was thinking.

She felt that since she had been personally enlightened by Little Master Ling, their connection was deeper than just brother and sister!

Hence, all of a sudden, she looked up at the auntie in front of her with a solemn face. "Auntie, in fact... I'm not his little sister!"

Both Wang Ling and the auntie looked at Sheep in suspense.

Sheep pointed at Wang Ling. "He's my dad!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The auntie: "..."

Amidst the whistle and rumble of the oncoming train, the two of them were instantly overwhelmed.